10 January

Unbearable mental fatigue. Work alone could rest me, gratuitous work, or play . . . I am far from that. Each thought becomes an anxiety in my brain; I am becoming that ugliest of all things: a busy man.

Stupidly missed yesterday the rehearsal of Curel's new play, for which Copeau had given us two tickets.[2]

We have finished reading aloud the *Memoires* of Mme d'fipinay. Without Grimm she would be easier to bear. Here and there, charming passages; I have noted several. Nothing is up to the first half of the first book.

We try *Le Chevalier Destouches** but after twenty pages the book falls from my hands. I want to go on with it by myself. I find just as much profit in cultivating my hates as my loves. From one end to the other there is nothing but rhetoric and bluff in that man.

In two evenings we read *La Princesse de Montpensier** *I* am too tired to say anything about it. Curious epoch in which the art of writing is confused with politeness, and manners govern the mind above all.

11 January

Radiant weather this morning. The air is dry. I can't recognize my thoughts. I don't feel my age.

We go to the Val d'Aulnay (with the Schlumbergers) to choose an arborvitse at Croux's for our Auteuil garden.

Copeau in the Van Rysselbergh.es* box at *Tintagiles* yesterday. (I was not there.) Copeau blubbers, says: "I am falling ill; can't go to the theater any more without weeping." And when Mme Theo asks him what he thinks of the show, he replies, to the tune of *Qa finira md:* "They are paying too much attention to the little fellow." Then, after a pause, adds: "In fact, that's the big mistake in the play/'[5]

15 January

Style: not so much sagacious as prudent; cautious; a man of infinite precautions.

Art would consist, despite the greatest explicitness, in always holding a surprise in store.

[2] *Le Coup tfaile (The Wing-Stroke),* three-act play that opened at the Th&tre Antoine on 10 January 1906.

[3] A novel (1864) by Jules Barbey d'Aurevflly.

[4] A short-story by Mme de La Fayette, published anonymously in 1662.

[5] Jacques Copeau was drama critic for the *Ermitage* (1904-6) and later for the *Grande Revue* (1907-10).